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"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

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Subscribers, who do not give *express* notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are sent, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their paper discontinued.

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Poetry

Katy and Jerry.

'Twas a biter cold night without and within,
And the winds were gloomily sighing,
Yet cheerfully singing in yon village inn
Sat Katey, sweet doughnuts a frying:
Listening oft for a step that she knew,
The ladle with which she was stirring,
Would for a moment have nothing to do,
And then fly round with a whirring.

What cared she for the whistling gale,
Or the rain, with its noisy patter,
As dipped she up from the bright tin pail
And dropped in the lard her batter.
That little white hand spun round like a top,
And on went the singing so merry—
So busy is Kate she can't even stop,
To bid a good evening to Jerry.

Ah! Katey, how naughty, for Jerry is cold,
And stopped in your kitchen to warm him,
And you, little torment, so saucy and bold,
Have no business thus to alarm him.
See how he shivers, 'way there by the door,
But Katey can't hear his teeth chatter,
And singing and frying keeps on as before,
As if there was nothing the matter.

Jerry had laughed at the cold from without,
But the chill from within was too trying;
So, still as a mouse, he had torn'd him about
And left Katey alone, with her frying.
The last cake was done, and fun-loving Kate,
Torn'd to welcome and laugh at her Jerry,
But bitterly weeping, found when too late,
He too was sometimes in a hurry. S.

I have something sweet to tell you.

BY MRS F. S. OSGOOD.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember if it isn't right,
I'm "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you,
What I can no longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming,
Oh, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close, 'twill make you start.

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
I'm "talking in my sleep."

HOME.

O how sweet a word is HOME Children who love home and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is christianity that has made home what it is; and without religion half its charms are absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and the sleet raule against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favor, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's Task, and the pictures of the lace knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. A thousand times have I felt those pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains; wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

If you learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to operas, playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God's inspired word, will lay a foundation for joy which will last all your lifetime, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth and beauty, and friends have departed.

Winter pleasures are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment.—Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all about you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthful, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not be so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns, she feels brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half naked children that might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them.—They will remember you for it even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. "She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." And when the Apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighborhood

Print it on your mind, to be always remembered, that one child may make home wretched, and that one child may do wonders towards making home happy. Every thing you do to make your father's house a house of order and peace, and comfort, is so much done for your parents, your brothers and sisters, and friends.

The Little Outcast.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"May'n't I stay, Ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and flew with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in at any rate till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with the cold;" and she drew a rude chair in the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself, wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of the winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where—who is he—what is he?"

"A jail bird;" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—'ten months.' He's a hard one,—you'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail—the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchase; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me—no body cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so long to that dreadful place? Where was your mother—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I hain't no mother! Oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips. I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird!

No, no; she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh, how deep was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little, sinning, but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still: a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."—*Olive Branch.*

Temperance and Health.

Two of the most robust, healthy old men to be seen in Washington, are Lewis Cass and Thomas H. Benton. Both are and have been remarkably temperate from boyhood. Gen. Cass has ever been a cold water man, and looks as if he would last a score of years yet. Benton appears fresh and energetic as ever, and an exchange relates the following of Old Bullion:

He said recently in conversation with a gentleman who spoke of his being the last of the group, "Yes," said he, "Clay, Webster and Calhoun are gone. Years ago Dr. —— told me, 'when these men are dead, you will be fresh and vigorous as ever.' My habits of living do it; until I was thirty, I drank nothing but water, sir! Since then I have drank only what circumstances made it fit I should drink. Temperance and moderation keep me in health and strength. Besides, I adopt the Roman regime—bathe with cold water and rub dry. That's exercise. None of your common flesh brushes, but such as they rub horses legs with, sir!"

What a volume of essays on health is contained in these few lines; and what a practical example of the efficacy of the treatment, does that hale and robust statesman present.

Fugitive Incident.

We learn that on Wednesday night, about half past nine o'clock, three fugitives slaves, husband, wife, and child, were discovered near the Little Miami Railroad Depot, anxiously enquiring the time of starting of the cars. They were immediately suspected, and some individuals seized them and confined them in a small coffee house, near at hand, kept by a German. Arrangements were then made to convey the fugitives across the river, into slave territory, by means of a skiff which had been procured for that purpose. Under the charge of some three stout men, the man, wife and child were taken out of the house into the street. A very short space had been traversed by the party, when succor for the slaves appeared, and the three men in charge were unceremoniously knocked down, the fugitives taken from them, the assailing party escaped to parts unknown, and the slaves are probably now in Canada.—*Cin. Non.*

☞ The Journal of Commerce has the following on Cigar manufacturing in New York:

Millions of Cigars are manufactured in this city mostly by Germans, in obscure and out-of-the-way places, and afterwards passed through different hands to the consumer, and sold as the Simon pure Havana. Recently we happened in at one of these places for a moment, to see how the thing was done. In a contracted, dingy looking apartment several men were industriously engaged preparing the article. Before them, on small tables, were piles of the weed, principally grown in Connecticut. The leaves, after being sufficiently moistened to become pliable, were drawn through and rolled in the palm of the hand, then wound round with a perfect good colored leaf, called the "binder." One end of this is twisted and the other cut off square; the cigar is then complete. Men are at hand to pack the same in boxes, proper branded. One individual will make 300 or 350 in a day, and about 22 pounds of leaf make a thousand cigars. Ten years ago the business of cigar making, conducted in this style, was quite profitable; but of late, a large number of Germans have squatted in various parts of our city till there are probably between three and four hundred different places of manufacture, and competition has had a tendency to reduce prices. More cigars, too, are imported from Hamburgh, Bremen and elsewhere, than formerly. This year, partially in consequence of the large California demand, the business has been better than last.

Champagne.—We annually produce, says the Scientific American, over fifty millions of bottles of genuine champagne—besides any quantity of fermented cider sold as such. It is stated from good authority, that one establishment alone annually manufactures, and sells as the genuine stuff, over 500,000 bottles, made principally from the stalks of rhubarb.

Well, perhaps these do about as well, and possibly some dock roots would do better—but think of it, ye fashionable wine-bibers, who suppose you are sipping the pure juice of the grape.

Big Speculation.—Mr. David White, of Madison, Ind., "Old Enterprise," has made a handsome thing by the extraordinary rise in hogs. He cleared $60,000 on Friday by one sale, and it is thought that his profits will reach $200,000 before the season closes. The price of hogs has risen to $6 per hundred, and stubbornly demanded. Mr. White is the proprietor of the largest slaughtering and packing establishment in the West, known as the "Mammoth Cave."—*Cin Courier.*

Religious Humbug.—Last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Young, at his church in Summer street, Boston, baptized seven children with what was said to be "River of Jordan Water." This bottle of water was sent to the Reverend gentleman by the late Lieutenant Dale of the United States Exploring Expedition, and the seal was taken off the bottle in the presence of the congregation, with great pomp. It is useless for the Protestants to sneer at the Catholics' "holy water," "sainted shirts," and all such things, so long as they tolerate such miserable, puerile acts, as bottling up "Jordan water," and importing it thousands of miles, for baptismal purposes. This is the beginning of a new business, and in a few years we shall expect to see "Jordan water" hauled through our streets in wagons, like root beer, ginger-pop, mineral and Bluelick waters.

The Rochester Union gives the following recipe for the manufacture of fire kindlers:

Take a quart of tar and three pounds of rosin, melt them, bring to a cooling temperature, mix with as much saw dust, with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cold, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut; and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.

Facts from the Census.

The Report from the Superintendent of the Census which accompanies the President's Message, is a very long document, full of interesting facts and figures. The report is too long for our columns entire, and we give in a condensed form, all the important facts which it contains, compiled by the New York times:

The *Population* of the United States has increased during the last sixty years, at the rate of about 3½ per cent. per annum. The population of Great Britain, amounting to 27,619,866, has increased during fifty years at the rate of 1 37 per cent. per annum. In Ireland from 1821 to 1841 the population increased at the rate of about *one* per cent., while from 1841 to 1851 it decreased at the rate of *two* per cent. The number of *Houses* occupied by free persons in the United States is 3,363,427; the whole number of houses in Great Britain is 3,669 437. In Belgium, with a population of 4,337 455, the number of houses is 799,848. In Prussia, with a population of 16 331,187 there are 1,945,174 houses. The increase of population in France, for fifty years, has been 0 21 per cent. The comparative *healthiness* of different sections of the United States, is set forth by the following table:

	Annual deaths per cent.	*Ratio to the number living.*
New England States	1:55	1 to 64
Middle States, with Ohio	1:39	1 to 72
Central Slave States	1:38	1 to 73
Coast Planting States	1:37	1 to 73
North Western States	1:24	1 to 80
United States, total	1:38	1 to 73

There are 9,091 white *mutes* in the United States, and 632 colored, of whom 489 are slaves. Among the white population, there is one deaf mute to each 9 51; of the free colored, one to each 3,005, and among the slaves, one to each 6,552. There are 9,702 *blind* persons, of whom 7,997 are white, 1,211 slaves, and 494 free colored persons. Among the whites, there is one blind person to each 2445; among the free colored, one to each 870; among the slaves, one to each 2 645. Of *insane* persons, the whole number is 15,768, of whom 15,156 are whites, 321 free colored, and 291 slaves. Of *idiots*, there are whites, 14 250; free colored, 436; slaves, 1,040. With the white population in the United States, there exists one insane person for each 1,280 individuals; among the free colored, one to each, 1,338; and among the slaves, one to each 11,010. With respect to idiocy, the white population presents one to each 1,374, persons; the free colored, one to each 985; and among the slaves, one to each 3,089.

The whole number of *paupers* in the several States is returned at 134 972, of whom 68,538 were of foreign birth and 66 434 natives; the entire cost of supporting them during the year was $2 054,806. The number of paupers in England and Wales from 1840 to 1848, was 1,649,178 per annum, and the total expenditure for the poor in England and Ireland, during the year 1848, amounted to $42 750 000. The whole number of persons convicted of *crime* in the United States for the year ending June 1, 1850, was about 27,000. Of these, 13 000 were native and 14,000 foreign born. The whole number in prison on the first day of June was about 6,700, of whom 4,300 were natives and 2,460 foreign

The valuation of *Real and Personal Estate* in the United States for the year 1850 amounted to over *seven thousand millions of dollars*, distributed as follows:—

Maine $122 777 56, New Hampshire 103,652 865, Vermont 92,205 049, Massachusetts 573,342 286, Rhode Island 80,508 794, Connecticut 155 707 930, New York 1,080 300 216, New Jersey 200,000 000, Pennsylvania 722,486 120, Delaware 18 652 053, Maryland 219,217 384, Dist. Columbia 14,018,874, Virginia 430,701,682, North Carolina 226 800 472—South Carolina 285,257 698, Georgia 335 425,714, Florida 22 862 270, Alabama 226,304 332, Mississippi 228 951,130, Louisiana 233 968,764, Texas 52,740 473, Arkansas 39 841,025, Tennessee 201,246 686, Kentucky 301,638 456, Ohio 301 628,456, Michigan 59 787 255, Indiana 202 650 264, Illinois 150,595 006, Missouri 137,247,707, Iowa 23,714,638, Wisconsin 42,056 599, California 22,161 372. Total $7,122,145,697.

TERRITORIES

New Mexico	$5 174 471	Utah	$986,083
Oregon	5,063,474		
Total			$7,133 309 725

There are 36,011 churches in the several States, and 210 in the District of Columbia and the Territories. The total valuation of church property in the Union is $86 416 639, of which *one half* is owned in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. There is one church for every 557 free inhabitants; the average number the churches will accommodate is 384 and their average value, $2 400.

In regard to Agriculture, it is ascertained that the average quantity of improved land is about 7½ acres to each inhabitant. In the New England States, the average for the whole population is a little more than 4 acres to each person; in New York and Pennsylvania 3 9 10 acres; in the other Middle States the same. In Virginia the proportion is about 7 acres; in South Carolina 6 acres; in Kentucky, 12 acres; and in Tennessee, 5 acres. The cash value of the farms in the United States is set down at $3,270,733,093. The whole number of acres of improved land is 118 456 622; of unimproved 184 621,318; total 303,078,970; average cash value per acre $10.7o. The aggregate value of farming implements is set down at $150,000,000, of which New York has $22,084 926; Pennsylvania, $14,722,531; Louisiana, $11,576,938 (perhaps to a great extent in machinery for crushing sugar cane); Ohio, $12,750,585; Kentucky, $5,169,937; Virginia, $7,021,722.

Of horses, there are 4,250,000 in the United States, an increase of 500,000 since 1840. In New York the number has decreased 26,566; in Pennsylvania 12,000; in New England 17,000,—owing, probably to the extension of railroads. In Ohio and the new States of the Northwest, the increase of horses has kept pace with that of the population. There is in the United States one horse to five of the inhabitants. New York has one horse to seven persons, Pennsylvania one to six and six-tenths; Ohio one to four; Kentucky one to three free inhabitants. The number of horses in the United States is more than three times as large as that in Great Britain. Of asses and mules there are 549,970, of which all but 30,000 are in the Southern States. Of cattle there are in 18 351,287. The amount of Butter produced in 1850 was 3,994,532 pounds; of Cheese 10,361; total value $1,124 662 Of Sheep there has been an increase of 2,309,108 in the whole number during the past ten years. In New England the number has decreased 45 per cent; in the five Atlantic Middle States the decrease has been 22½ per cent; in the Southern and Western States the increase has been very large. The number of sheep has increased on the whole 12 per cent. during the past ten years;—while owing to improved breeding, &c., the weight of their fleeces has augmented 46 per cent. In 1840 there were 19,311,374 sheep, yielding 35,802,114 pounds of wool,—equal to 1.84 pounds per head. In 1850 the average weight of each fleece was 2 43. In Vermont the average weight of the fleece in 1840 was 2 1 5 pounds, and in 1850 it has increased to 3 71-100 pounds; the gain being equal to almost 70 per cent. In Massachusetts the average weight of the Fleece has been increased from 1½ to 3 1 10 pounds. The State of New York Produced 226 000 pounds more wool in 1850, from 3,453,000 sheep, than from 5,115,000 in 1840, showing that the weight of the fleece has been raised from less than two to nearly three pounds. Our imports of wool in 1850 were 18 669 794 pounds, in value $1,651,601; the quantity imported now amounts to about one-third of that produced in it, while from 1841 to 1845 it was nearly one half.

In the *Wheat* crop of the United States there has been a gain of 15 645 373. The crop of New England decreased from 2 014,000 to 1,073,000 bushels, a decline of 936,000 bushels, and indicating that the attention of farmers has been much withdrawn from the culture of Wheat. The States from the Hudson to the Potomac produced in 1849, 35,085 000 in 1839 In Virginia, there was an increase of 12,123,000 bushels. These States embrace the oldest Wheat growing region of the country, and that in which the soil and climate seem to be adapted to promote the permanent culture of the grain. The increase of production in the ten years has been 6,272,000 bushels equal to 15.6 per cent. The area of tilled land in these States is 36,000,000 acres, only thirty per cent. of the whole amount returned—while the proportion of Wheat produced is forty-six per cent. In North carolina there has been an increase of 170,000 bushels, but in the Southern States generally there was a considerable decrease. Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, contributed to the general aggregate under the Sixth census only 9,800,000 bushels; under the last they are shown to have produced upwards of 25,000,000 bushels, an amount equal to the whole increase in the United States. According to the census of 1840, the Wheat crop of the United States amounted to 84,823,272 bushels; in 1849, according to the census of 1850, 100,503,899 bushels, although in some of the largest Wheat growing States, the crops of 1849 fell far below the average.

The production of *Rye* has decreased 457,000 bushels in the aggregate, but in New York it is greater than in 1840, by about forty per cent. Pennsylvania, which is the largest producer, has fallen off from 6,613,373 to 4,805,160. During the year 1850, there were consumed of Rye about 2,144,000 bushels in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors. The aggregate produce of the country in 1840 was 18,645,567 bushels; in 1850, 14,188,657 bushels.

Of *Indian Corn* the increase of production was 214,000,000 bushels, equal to 56 per cent. The production of New England has advanced from 6,993,000 to 10,377,000 bushels, showing an increase of 3,384,000 bushels, nearly fifty per cent. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, increased 20,812,000 bushels, more than 40 per cent. In the production of this crop no State has retrograded. Ohio, which in 1840 occupied the 4th place as a corn producing State, now ranks as the first. Kentucky is second, Illinois third, Tennessee fourth. The crop of Illinois has increased from 2,000,000 to 5,500,000 bushels, or at the rate of one hundred and sixty per cent. in ten years. The extended cultivation of this grain is chiefly confined to the Eastern, Middle and Western States, though much more successfully grown in the latter. According to the census of 1849, the corn crop of the United States was 377,531,075 bushels; in 1850, 592,325,612 bushels.

Of *Oats* the total produce was in 1840, 123,071,341 bushels; in 1850 it was 146,584,869.

Of *Rice* the culture is chiefly confined to South Carolinia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. The yield per acre varies from twenty to sixty bushels, weighing from forty-five to forty-eight pounds when cleaned. Under favorable circumstances as many as ninety bushels to an acre have been raised. The Rice crop in 1840 amounted to 80,241,422 pounds; in 1850 it was 215,312,710.

Of *Tobacco* the amount raised in 1840 was 219,163,319 pounds; in 1850, 199,752,646 pounds, showing a decrease in its culture of 19,410,673 pounds.

Of *Cotton* the amount raised in 1840 was 790,479,275 pounds; in 1850, 977,449,600 pounds, showing an increase of 196,970,325 pounds. It appears that the culture of cotton is rapidly diminishing in Virginia and North Carolina. In those States it is doubtless giving place to other productions of the soil. There has been a very heavy falling off, also, in Louisiana, and appreciable increase in Mississippi. But the diminution in the former State, and the failure of any advance in the latter, are accounted for by the terrible inundations of the Mississippi and its tributaries. But for that calamity, it is probably that their increased yield would have equalled that of Alabama, which now occupies the first place as a Cotton-planting State, and has almost doubled its production since 1840. The average annual yield for the five years ending with 1835, was estimated at 1 055,000 bales; for the same period ending in 1840, 1,440,000 bales Had no disturbing cause interruped the progressive advance, the amount of 1850 would have exceeded 3,000,000 bales.

Of *Buckwheat*, the annual quantity raised, according to the returns of 1840, was 7,291,743 bushels; in 1850 it was 8,956,916.

Of *Barley*, the consumption for the past year, in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors, amounted to 5 780,00 bushels. According to the census returns of 1840, the annual amount of barley raised in the United States was 4,161,504 bushels; in 1850, 5,167,016 bushels.

The *Sweet Potatoe*, which grows abundantly throughout the Southern States, as far north as in New Jersey, and the southern part of Michigan, the quantity exported in 1850 was 106,342 bushels. The quantity raised was 38,289, and of potatoes of all kinds, there were 104,055,929, which was four millions less than the amount reported in 1840.

The quantity of *Wine* produced in the United States was reported in 1840, at 124 000 gallons; in 1850, it had risen to 221,249, including 60,718 raised in California and New-Mexico, which were not included in the other estimate. The consumption of Wine in the United States is given at 6,160,000 gallons, valued at 2 370,000,—average in quantity but about one quarter of a gallon for each person, and in value only ten cents. This is almost precisely the rate of consumption of imported Wine among the people of Great Britain. But in France, according to official returns, there is produced and retained for consumption 900,000,000 of Wine, allowing twenty-five and three quarters gallons to each person in the population. It appears from other tables in our census returns, that the quantity of Ale and other spirituous liquors produced in the United States, in 1850, exceeded 26 000 000 gallons. The consumption of malt and spirituous liquors for manufacturing purposes and as a beverage, appears to have been at the rate of four gallons per head.

In *Hops* the increase has been nearly 200 per cent, and almost the whole of it in the State of New-York, which, from less than half a million of pound in 1840, now produces more than two and a half millions, which exceeds five-sevenths of the whole crop of the United States. New York also stands foremost in the production of ale, beer, and porter, in the manufacture of which the larger part of the hops raised is consumed. The brewers of this State produced six hundred and forty-five thousand barrels of ale, &c., in 1850, being more than a third of the quantity returned for the whole Union.

The returns of *Flax and Hemp* are not sufficiently clear to warrant any general statement of the result. The quantity raised does not seem to have materially changed since 1840. The culture of *Silk* has decreased from 61,763 pounds, in 1840, to 14,763 pounds, in 1850.

The amount of *Sugar* made, both from the cane and the maple, according to the census of 1840, was 155,100,869 lbs, of which 119,947,720 lbs were raised in Louisiana. By the census of 1850, the cane sugar raised in the United States, was 277,581,000 lbs, besides 12,700,606 gallons of Molasses; maple sugar 34,249 886 lbs., amounting to 281,830 886 lbs., showing an increase, in ten years, of 126,730,971 lbs.

Interesting Discoveries in Persia.

We have had the pleasure of listening to a letter written in Persia to a gentleman in Boston, which gives an account of some recent and interesting discoveries in that country. The writer is a scientific gentleman of the highest standing, an American, and one whose position in Persia is a pledge of the correctness of his details.

The line between Persia and Turkey has not been defined with that exactness which peace and security demand; and soldiers have, by both governments, been placed upon the disputed territory to defend the rights of Turkey and Persia, and for many years the soldiers have been in the practice of coming into collision. To avoid this bloodshed, and settle definitely the boundary line between the nations, England and Russia have induced Persia to consent to a mixed commission, which should embrace England, Russia and Persia. That commission is now engaged in establishing the line between Persia and Turkey. Col. Williams, well known to many Americans, and a man of character and talent, is the English commissioner.

In the prosecution of this work, the commissioners have come upon the remains of the ancient palace, Shusan, mentioned in the sacred books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel the prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position, and the internal evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the palace recorded in the sacred history, amount almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, ch. i. v. 6. There he will read of a "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble, in that palace." That pavement still exists, and, as described by Col. Williams, corresponds to the description given thus in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, dilapidated ruins, the sculpture, and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman.

Not far from the palace stands a tomb; on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the Lion's den.

The commissioners have with them an able corps of engineers and scientific men, and most interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrow-heads are found upon the palace and the tomb. Glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet table of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of our Bible. Thus twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their record, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of the nations of our day.—*Boston Chron.*

Salve for Burns.

Please publish the following recipe for scalds and burns. Having used it myself, and having seen its effects on others, I recommend it as having no equal, particularly in cases of scalding by steam from boiler explosions, &c.

Take any quantity of unslacked lime, put water enough on it to cover the lime; let it stand an hour or more; take off the clear lime water, and to every pint of lime water add one pint of oil, (olive or lard oil is preferable, but any kind of lamp oil will answer,) put them in a bottle and shake well, and in a few minutes it will be fit for use. Bathe the part scalded as often as the nature of the case requires; if the skin be badly broken, lay over the wound a very thin piece of cambric muslin. This liniment will keep for years, if corked tight in a bottle. Every family should keep it on hand, as it costs but little.—*Scientific American.*

☞ Love is like fire, it burns brightest when every thing is dark.